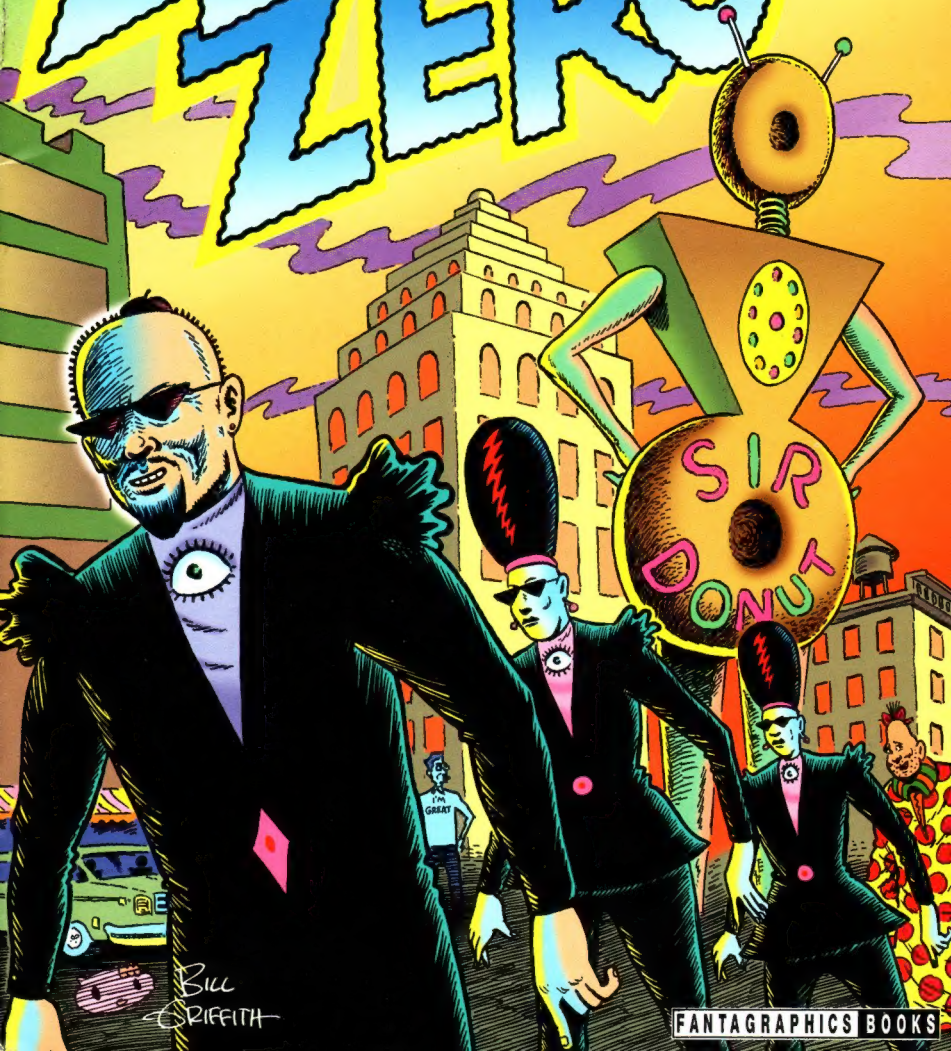


JAN/FEB 1996

ZERO ZERO

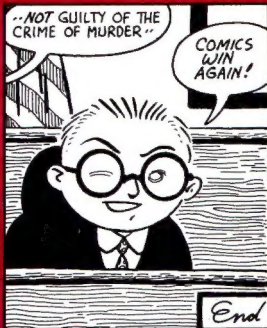


Bill
GRIFFITH

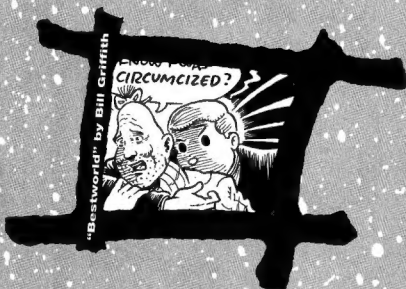
FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

The SHIT Eaters

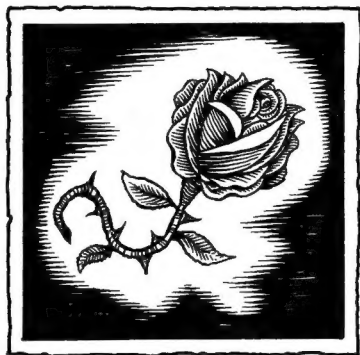
by
BETO/95



End



GOD HELP US, EVERYONE!



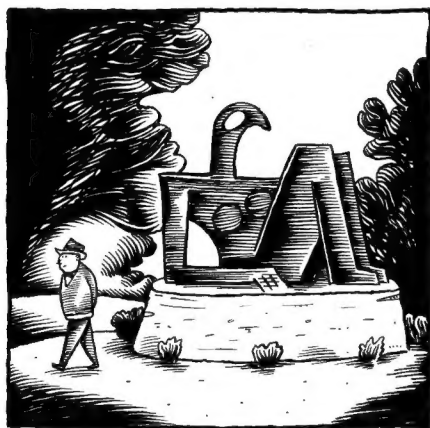
the Chuckling Whatsit

© 1995 Richard Sala

Previously ~

Professor Peeke hires Broom to continue the research Abigail Aberdevine was doing before she vanished: digging into the life of mysterious outsider artist Emile Jarnac. Broom resigns his horoscope column ~ Peeke pays better, plus Broom has no desire to meet the maniac who has been killing astrology columnists. He visits Miss Limbo, a consultant to the murdered writers, and she tells him what Cyril Root, aka "Venus," revealed to her about the book he was writing on Jarnac.





At the center was an exquisite female figure. Hovering above her, suspended from a tiny noose, was another doll ~



~ It was an ugly, creepy little thing ~ and sewn inside of it was an ingenious mechanical device ~ whenever the doll was gently shaken or jostled, it made a hollow, metallic laughing sound.



HA-HA
HA-HA

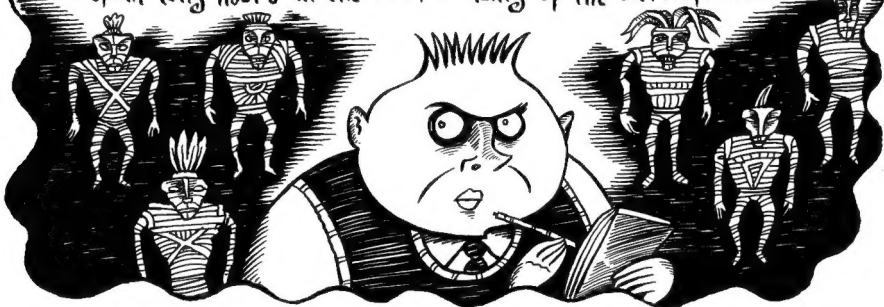
Jarnac had kept these singular talents to himself ~ a true outsider artist.

After attending to Jarnac's funeral, Vogardus, an erudite and savvy man, purchased the mill and had the room and its contents preserved. He imagined it would be of considerable interest to anyone intrigued by the relationship between creativity and insanity.





Because of its esoteric nature, Jarnac's windmill drew few visitors. Several reporters showed up and wrote articles. One was Cyril, who became totally absorbed in the story and spent long hours in the mill, soaking up the atmosphere.

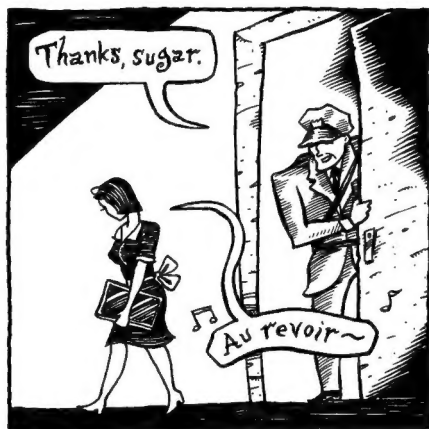


But some strange things happened. Townsfolk were convinced the mill was haunted. Sounds of someone working inside could be heard echoing late at night.



Then the mill was broken into. Somebody vandalized the place and stole the dolls. Vogardus was devastated. He gave up all of his other commitments and settled in Crow's Creek with a small practice.





Certain individuals, including Cyril, felt the dolls had potential to become quite valuable. Jarnac's tale had grown into a legend among art dealers, and more and more collectors were on the look-out.



Now many of the dolls are owned by one or two private collectors. But the female doll and the hanging doll are still lost and are highly sought after.

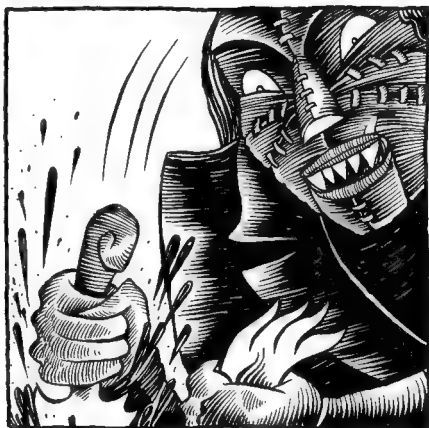


Oh ~ something else Cyril told us ~



After his article was published, unable to forget Jarnac, Cyril returned to the mill. Snooping around, he discovered a door to an underground room. Apparently, it was a fascinating experience. He wouldn't tell us what he found ~ in fact he'd never spoken about it. But he planned to reveal all in his book on Jarnac.





Thanks for your help. I know this may be a rough time for you. Some of your colleagues ~ in fact, four from Root's list ~ have recently been killed.



Six, actually.



Found the real maid. She's defunct.



I saw him again today. He's following me, I tell you.



He's back. He's come back.



to be continued



CINCINNATI, OHIO: A SNOWY NIGHT IN MIDWINTER. BACKSTAGE AT EMERY AUDITORIUM...



UNIFORMED YOUNGSTERS WITH PLANS FOR THE FUTURE FILE QUIETLY DOWN A CORRIDOR--





..OF COURSE, WE'RE NOT ALL SERIOUSNESS AT **BESTWORLD**..NOT AT ALL..IMAGINE A PLACE WHERE YOU CAN CASH YOUR **UN-EMPLOYMENT CHECK** IN COMPLETE **SAFETY**..WHERE THE PROBLEMS OF LIFE ARE SHED LIKE AN IMPORTED **FLAMMABLE BATHROBE**..



..A PLACE WHERE IT FEELS **GOOD** TO BE AN **AMERICAN** AGAIN.. GOOD BECAUSE YOU'RE NO LONGER **ASHAMED** OR **GUILTY**.. A PLACE IN WHICH TO **CONSUME**..TO **VIEW**.. TO HAVE **16.3 SEX PARTNERS** PER WEEKEND!!



-- AND **WHERE** IS THIS **BEST** OF ALL POSSIBLE WORLDS? ..IS IT SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE **ORLANDO, FLORIDA**? IS IT GLOWING IN THE **NEVADA DESERT**? NO.. --IT'S IN YOUR **MIND**! THAT'S RIGHT! **YOUR MIND** AND **MY MIND**!!



BUT WE CAN **MAKE IT REAL**! WAKE UP FROM THE **AMERICAN DREAM**!! TAKE THE NEXT INFOBAHN OFFRAMP TO **BESTWORLD, U.S.A**!!



JOIN THE **CONCEPT**!!



IT'S THE **NEXT BIG THING**, MR. JEETER--

YES, RAYTEX.. I CONFESS I'M IMPRESSED..

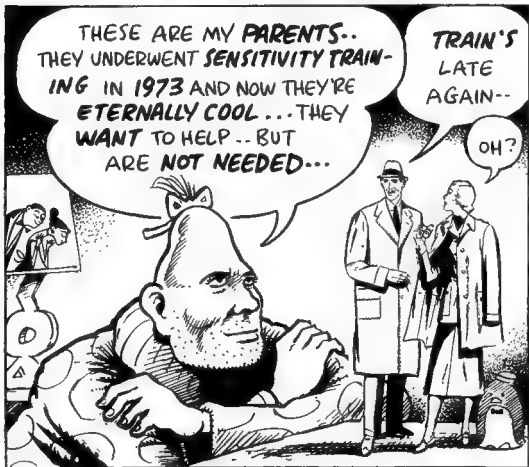
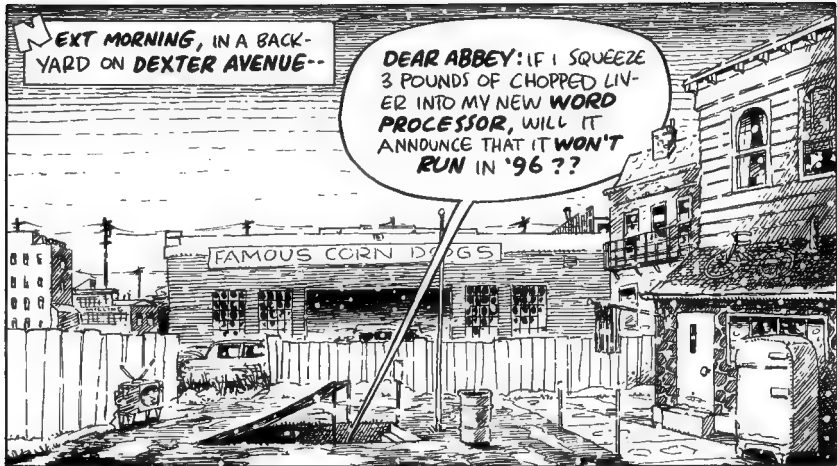


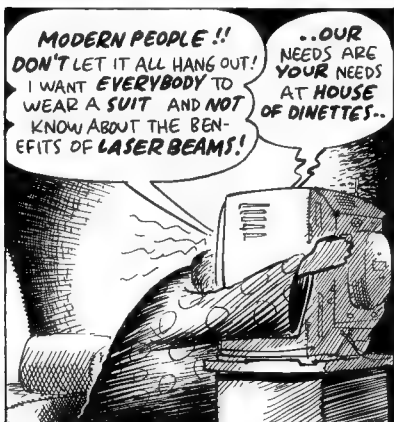
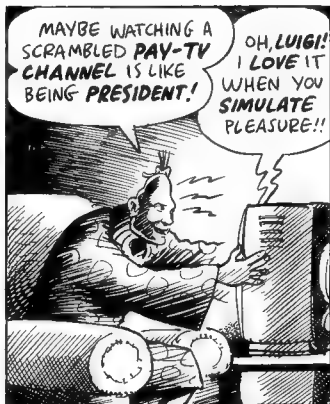
DO WE WANT TO SELL **SANROYO** A PIECE OF IT?

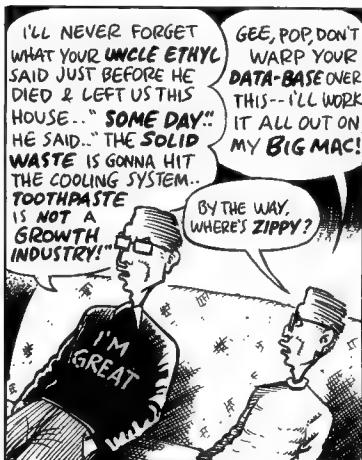
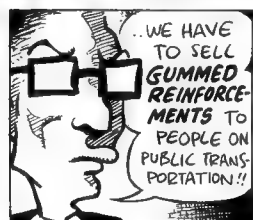
NO, RAYTEX, WE WANT TO SELL SANROYO ALL OF IT!

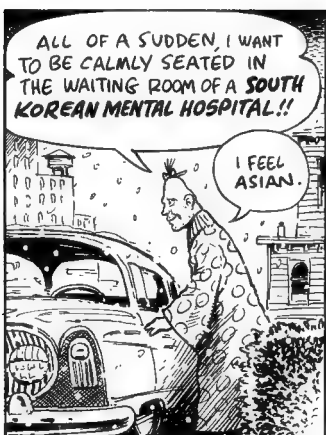
SAY **GOODBYE KITTY**!!











ALL OF A SUDDEN, I WANT TO BE CALMLY SEATED IN THE WAITING ROOM OF A **SOUTH KOREAN MENTAL HOSPITAL!!**

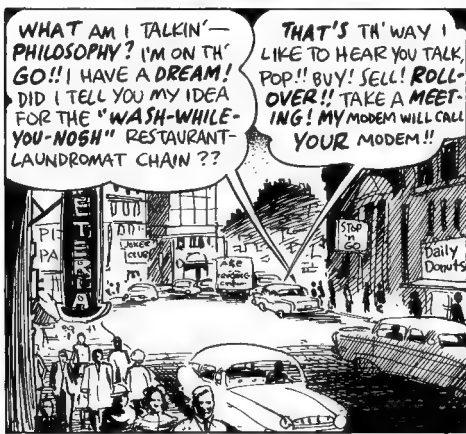
I FEEL ASIAN.



IT'S TIMES LIKE THESE WHEN I THINK ABOUT **HEIDEGGER'S "THE THING IN ITSELF".**

HEIDEGGER.. HEIDEGGER-- DIDN'T HE DO "DONKEY KONG" FOR COLECO?

LET'S ADOPT 3 FOSTER CHILDREN!!



WHAT AM I TALKIN'— **PHILOSOPHY?** I'M ON TH' GO!! I HAVE A **DREAM!** DID I TELL YOU MY IDEA FOR THE "**WASH-WHILE-YOU-NOSH**" RESTAURANT-LAUNDROMAT CHAIN??

THAT'S TH' WAY I LIKE TO HEAR YOU TALK, POP!! **BUY! SELL! ROLL-OVER!! TAKE A MEETING! MY MODERN WILL CALL YOUR MODERN!!**



IDEAS!! I'M FULL OF 'EM!! MY MIND WORKS LIKE A TAI- WANESE TOY ON RAY-O- VACS!!

WHAT'S THAT SMELL?

IT'S "**ULTRA-MAN**" WHO IS CALMLY SIT- TING IN **TED KENNEDY'S** OUTER OFFICE!!

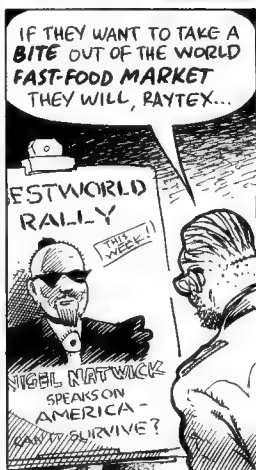
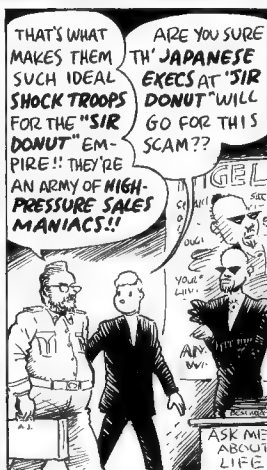


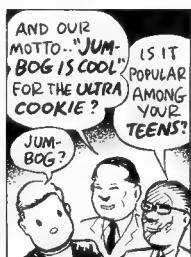
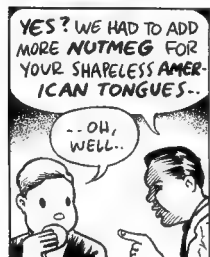
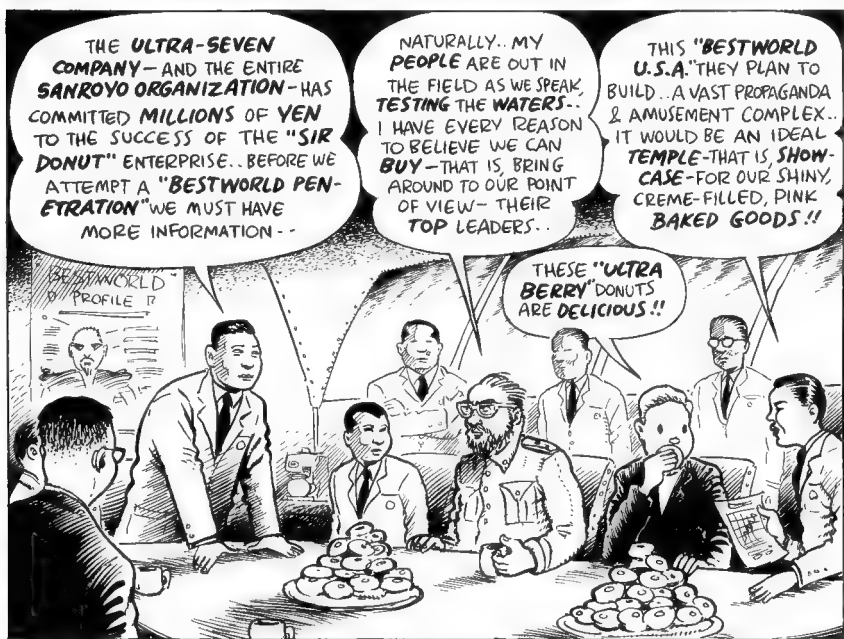
SOMEDAY, I'M GOING TO HAVE SO MANY **ELEC- TRONIC DEVICES** IN MY BEDROOM THAT I'LL LOSE **CONSCIOUSNESS!!**

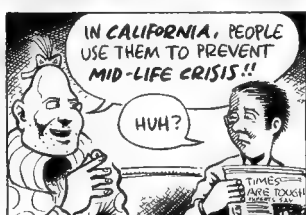
...THAT REMINDS ME, DENSE- PAK...

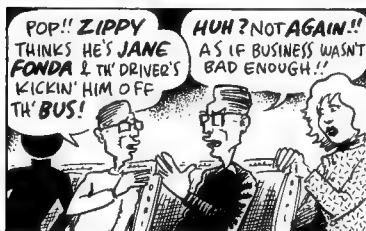
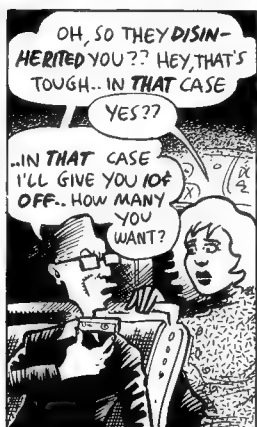
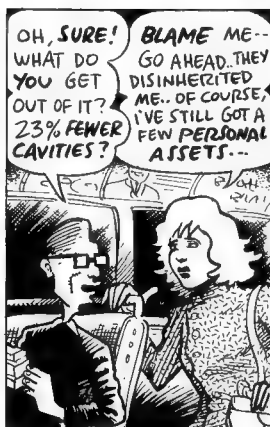


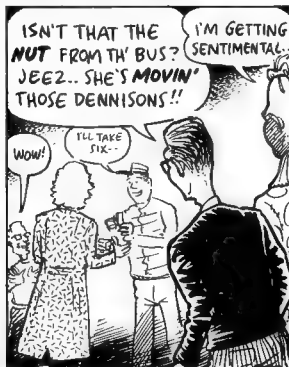
ARE WE HAVING **FUN** YET??



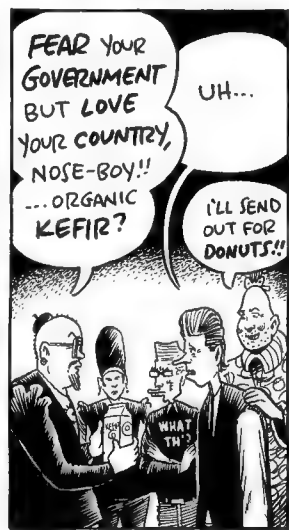
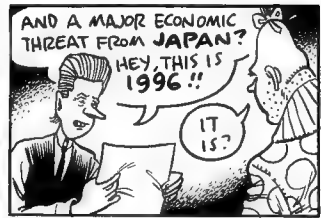
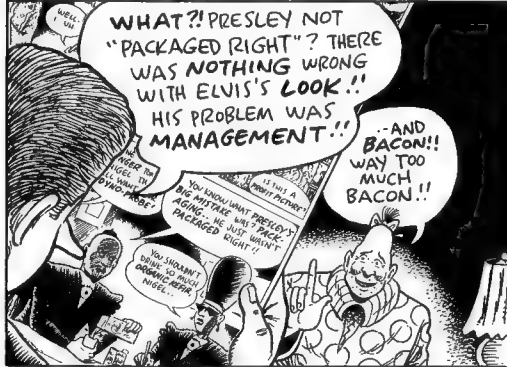


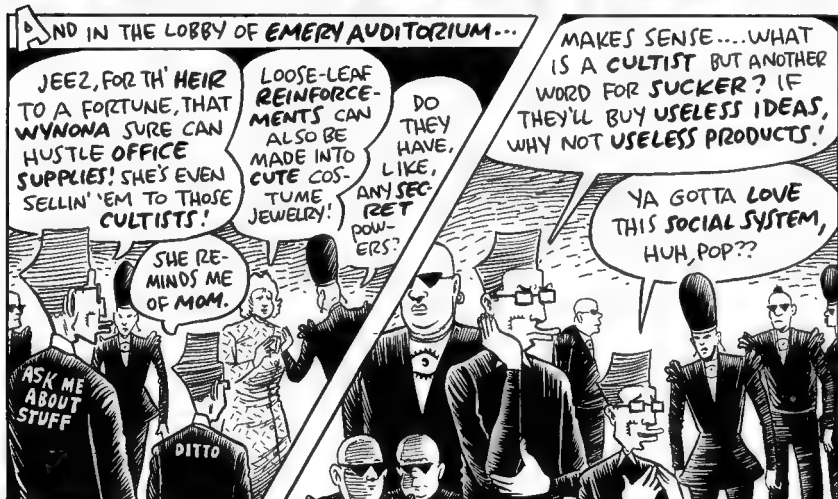


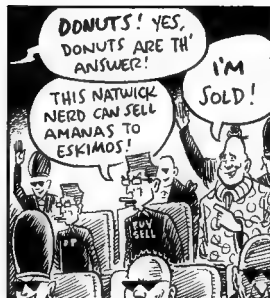




SUDDENLY, IT'S 14 YEARS LATER...YET, MUCH LIKE TH' RAPACIOUS FREE MARKET SYSTEM, OUR STORY MUST GO ON----

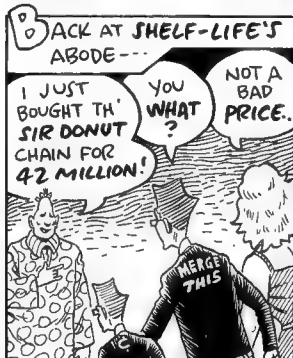
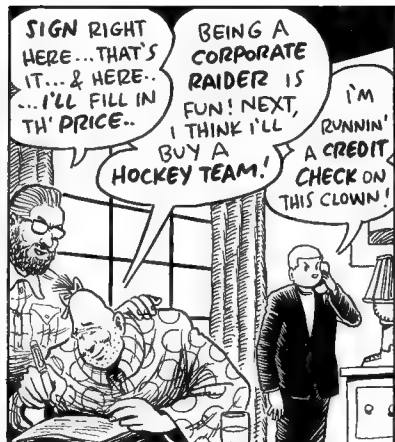


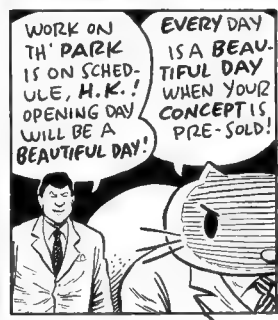




LATER, AT SANROYO HEAD-QUARTERS IN TOKYO--







FUNNY BUNNY



Time for a harecut for me.



Keeps growing longer so cut it shorter.



READY.



yessir O.K.



WUZZA-?



CLIP! ?!!



EK..



WUZZA-? NO!



NO!



MEOW!



The Strange Secret of Molly O'dare

CONTINUED

1947: GORTON'S BAR ON THE AMUSEMENT PIER AT VENICE CALIFORNIA. A REPORTER NAMED FOWLTON MEANS HAS JUST WITNESSED THE APPARENT SIGHTING OF A SILENT FILM STAR WHO SUPPOSEDLY DIED IN 1922.

WHY YOU'RE THE VERY IMAGE OF MOLLY O'DARE!

WILL YOU PLEASE
GO AWAY!

GORTON'S
BAR
MOVIE
NIGHT

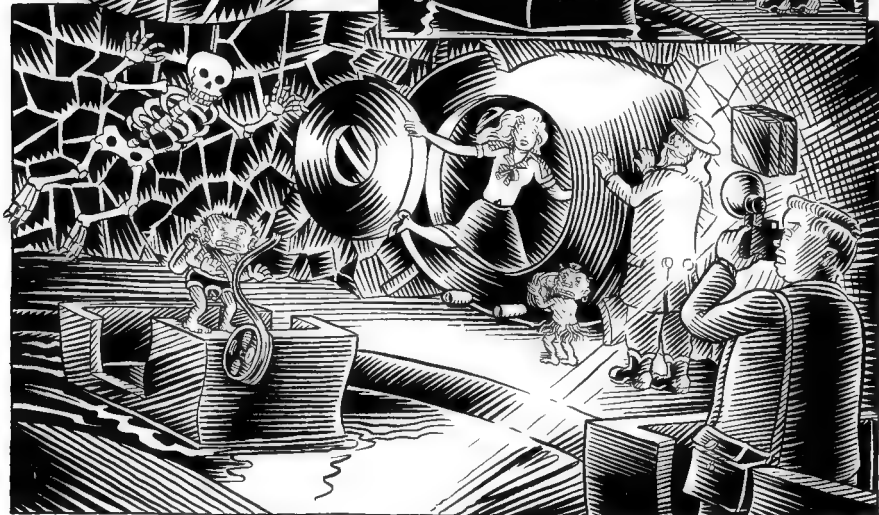
MOLLY WAS
LONG THOUGHT TO
HAVE BEEN LOST
AT SEA, WHILE DOING
LOCATION SHOTS
FOR A MOVIE
SERIAL.

PIONEER
DIRECTOR,
D.W. GRIFFITH

MEANS
HAS JUST
BEEN REGALED
WITH THE FULL
PARTICULARS OF THE
INCIDENT BY MOLLY'S
LEADING MAN ON
THAT ILL FATED
SERIAL, LARRY
FARREL.

INTRIGUED, MEANS FOLLOWS THE MYSTERIOUS GIRL OUT OF THE BAR.







LATER!
SPEEDING
ALONG IN A
STRANGE
SUBTERRANEAN
VEHICLE!

GEE DOC, YOU SHOULD
HAVE SEEN LARRY. HE WAS
SO OLD!

PLAYING
POSSUM

I WARNED
YOU, MOLLY,

THINGS CHANGE FAST
BACK THERE.



IT'S THE
PACE THAT KILLS.
DON'T FORGET, MY GIRL,



IT ALMOST
KILLED YOU ONCE.



YOU
WERE
RIGHT, DOC. I NEVER
SHOULD HAVE GONE BACK.

WELL, IT CERTAINLY HAS
MADE FOR AN UNFORSEEN
COMPLICATION.

AW GEE, DOC, ...CAN'T WE KEEP HIM?
HE IS KIND OF
CUTE,

WELL, WE'LL
SEE.

ANYWAY,
WE WON'T DO
ANYTHING DRASTIC
RIGHT AWAY.

THE FINAL STOP OF THIS STRANGE SUBTERRANEAN RIDE IS AN UNCHARTED
PACIFIC ISLAND. THE NEXT DAY MOLLY GIVES FOWLTON MEANS THE GRAND TOUR.

WOW!

GOD! IT MUST HAVE TAKEN A LONG TIME TO GET THIS SET-UP TOGETHER!

NOT REALLY.

AT LEAST THAT'S
WHAT I USED TO
THINK.

BUT IT'S
A FUNNY
THING
ABOUT
THIS PLACE.

...TIME HAS
A WAY OF GOING BY
KIND OF FAST.

ANYWAY, YOU BETTER
BELIEVE IT
WAS A FAR
CRY FROM
ALL THIS
WHEN I
FIRST GOT
HERE.

WE WERE SHIPWRECKED
HERE, Y'KNOW;



ME AND COLONEL GORTON.



AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT
I **THOUGHT** HIS NAME
WAS WAY BACK
THEN.

AND THAT'S JUST IT!
WAY BACK THEN SEEMS

LIKE
JUST A
FEW
YEARS
AGO!

NOT THE TWENTY-
FIVE IT **REALLY** WAS!

GOD! WHEN WE FIRST GOT SHIPWRECKED,
I COULDN'T EVEN FIND THE COLONEL!
I THOUGHT HE GOT BLOWN OFF IN THE STORM!

AND THEN
THINGS STARTED DISAPPEARING!



FIRST
IT WAS MY RECORDS
AND VICTROLA!



THAT
WAS **BAD!** BUT
WHEN MY LIQUOR
TOOK A WALK, I
THOUGHT I'D DIE!

DAYS WENT BY ON NOTHING
BUT CANNED FOOD AND
COCOANUTS.

IT WAS THE FIRST
TIME I'D COMPLETELY
DRIED OUT IN YEARS!



I WAS ACTUALLY BEGINNING
TO FEEL PRETTY GOOD
EXCEPT FOR BEING SO
LONELY!

THEN ONE NIGHT I
HEARD PAUL WHITEMAN'S
RECORDING OF "WHISPERING"
OFF IN THE DISTANCE,
ONE OF MY MISSING
RECORDS!

I FOLLOWED THE SOUND IN A
CRAZED DAZE TO THE TOP OF
A HILL!....

AND FELL
RIGHT INTO
A STRANGE
GROTTO WITH
ALL MY
MISSING
THINGS,

AND
SOME EVEN
STRANGER
LITTLE
PEOPLE!

THEY'D BEEN
AT MY LIQUOR
FOR DAYS!





AND THE
MEN HAD
THEIR PAWS
ON ME IN
NOTHING
FLAT!


BUT ONE
OF THE WOMEN
POINTED OUT
A TUNNEL AND
I RAN FOR IT!

STRANGELY,
NONE OF THE
OTHERS MADE
ANY ATTEMPT
TO FOLLOW.
BUT STRANGER
YET WAS WHAT
I FOUND AT
THE END OF
THE TUNNEL.

PICTURES
OF ME WERE
ALL OVER!

MOLLY!

AND
THERE WAS
THE COLONEL!
AND IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE
ROOM, WATCHING
ONE OF MY MOVIES,
WERE TWELVE OF
THE ODDEST LITTLE
MEN I EVER
SAW!



APPARENTLY THEY'RE
THE REAL POWER HERE.
BUT ALL THEY SEEM TO
BE INTERESTED IN IS
COLLECTING AND WATCHING
MOVIES!

ANYWAY,
GORTON
ADMITTED THE
SHIPWRECK WAS ALL
JUST A PUT-UP JOB
TO GET ME HERE!
HE EVEN TOLD ME HIS
NAME WASN'T GORTON

AT ALL, BUT DOC LEDICKER!

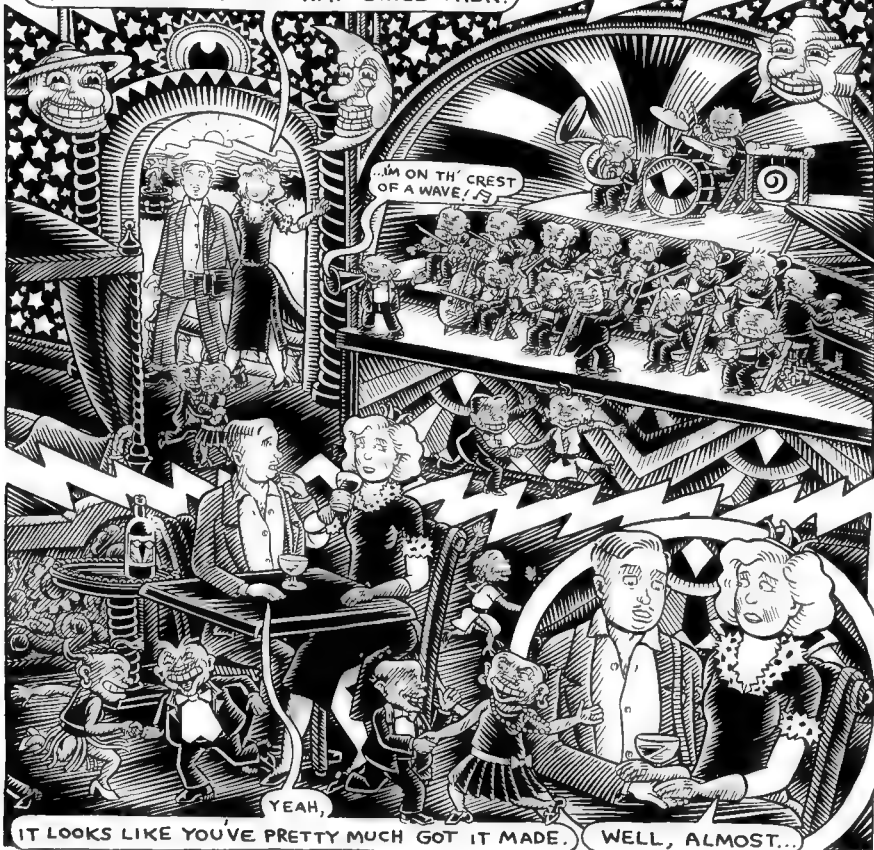
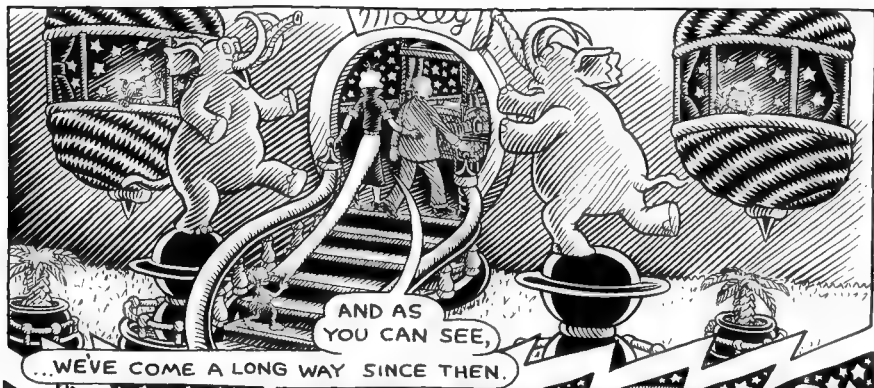
BUT I WASN'T
EXACTLY A PRISONER, EITHER.
HE TOLD ME I
WAS FREE TO
GO IF I
WANTED,

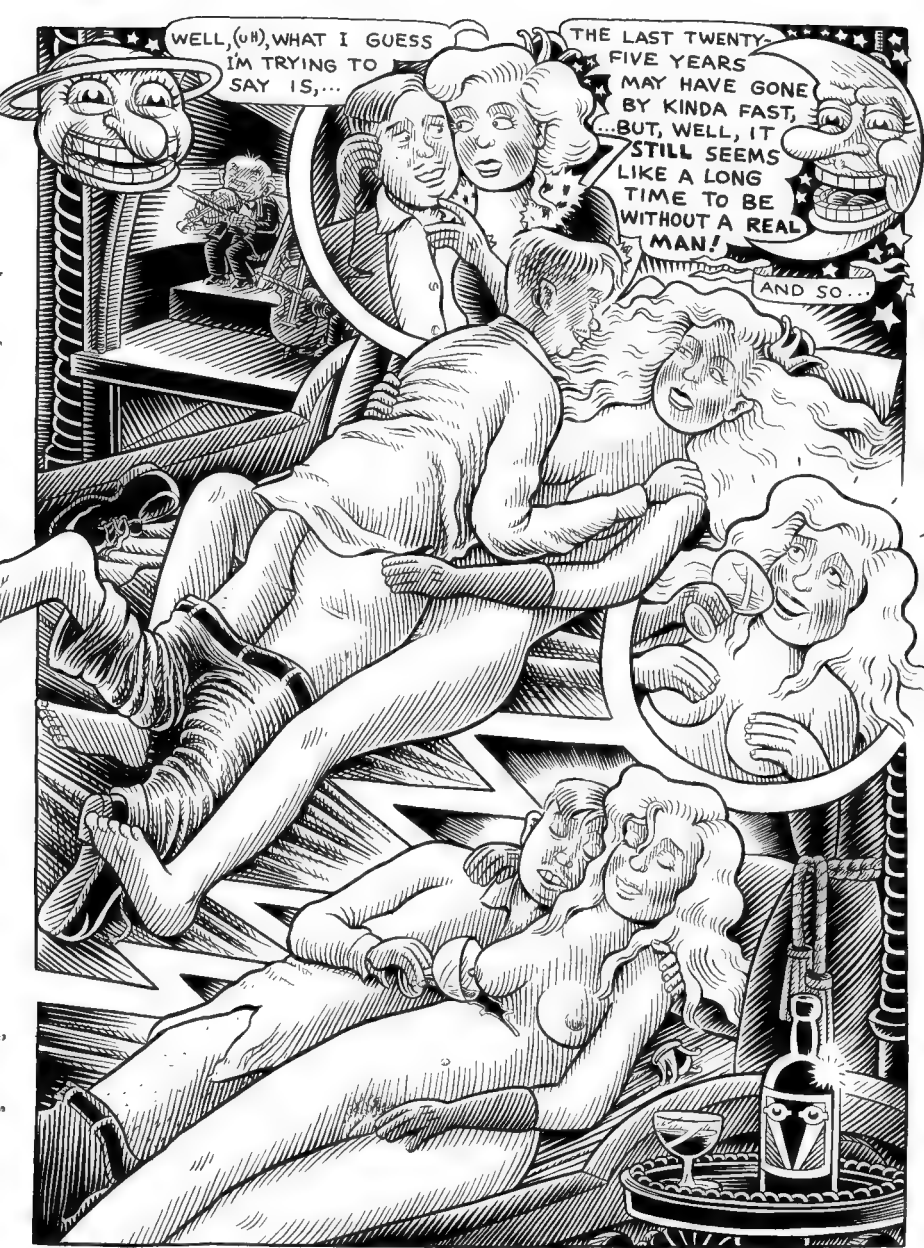
BUT
HE ALSO
TOLD ME
THE "GREY
ONES," WHICH
IS WHAT HE
CALLED THE
LITTLE MEN, WERE

HOPING I'D BECOME QUEEN OF THE PRIMITIVE PYGMYS UP ABOVE AND
MAYBE LIVEN THINGS UP FOR THEM A LITTLE ON THE ISLAND.

WELL, IT SOUNDED
LIKE JUST ABOUT
THE SCREWIEST THING
I EVER HEARD AND
I TOLD HIM I WANTED
TO GO HOME!

AND DOC
SAID THAT WAS
OKAY, BUT FIRST HE
WANTED TO SHOW
ME SOMETHING.





WELL, (UH), WHAT I GUESS
I'M TRYING TO
SAY IS,...

THE LAST TWENTY-
FIVE YEARS
MAY HAVE GONE
BY KINDA FAST,
...BUT, WELL, IT
STILL SEEMS
LIKE A LONG
TIME TO BE
WITHOUT A REAL
MAN!

AND SO...

CONCLUDES NEXT ISSUE!

GOOD CLAUS BAD CLAUS

I'M AFRAID
THERE AREN'T ANY
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS
FOR YOU THIS YEAR
EITHER, MY DARLING.

IT DOESN'T
MATTER, MOM.
DON'T YOU KNOW
SANTA CLAUS IS
COMING TONIGHT?

BY MAX ANDERSSON

EH... SURE, LITTLE ONE.
OF COURSE SANTA CLAUS WILL
COME. NOW GO TO SLEEP, SOON
IT WILL BE CHRISTMAS DAY

THAT NIGHT:

WHAT'S THAT SOUND IN
THE RADIATOR? I THOUGHT
THEY SHUT OFF THE
HEAT

KADONG
KADONG

SUDDENLY

SPIT

SANTA!

COUGH
EEEYUCK
SHUT THE
FOCK UP!

YOU'RE A NAUGHTY BOY!

THE RENT IS MONTHS OVER-
DUE, THERE'S NO FOOD AND
YOU JUST LIE HERE DOING NO-
THING! I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE
TO TAKE ALL YOUR TOYS!

BUT...
I DON'T
HAVE ANY
TOYS

THAT'S NO CONCERN
OF MINE. TOMORROW'S
CHRISTMAS DAY AND
THE GOOD CHILDREN
MUST HAVE PRESENTS.

I'LL GIVE YOU SOME TIME.
I'LL BE BACK AT MIDNIGHT
AND THEN YOU BETTER HAVE
SOMETHING, OR ELSE...

OR-OR
ELSE
WHAT?

IT'S A NICE MOTHER YOU'VE
GOT. TOO BAD IF ANYTHING
SHOULD HAPPEN TO
HER...

NO!
NOT MOTHER!

HAHAHA
HAHAHAHA

OH GOD
I'VE GOT TO
DO SOMETHING
FAST

POFF

LATER

NO ONE SAW ME
BREAKING THAT
SHOP WINDOW. I DO
HOPE THIS WILL
BE ENOUGH

THERE
YOU ARE.
I'VE BEEN
WAITING
FOR YOU!

WHAT'S THE MATTER?
DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE
SANTA CLAUS?

BUT WHAT IS THIS?
YOU'VE BEEN STEALING,
AND ON CHRISTMAS
EVE AT THAT!

BUT...
THE OTHER
SANTA SAID...

HO HO HO
NOT ONLY ARE YOU A
THIEF, YOU BELIEVE IN
OTHER SANTAS TOO!

... TO THINK I EVEN BROUGHT
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR YOU.
I WONDER WHAT YOUR MOTHER
WILL SAY ABOUT THIS?

NO, PLEASE
DON'T TELL
MOTHER!

OH WELL, MAYBE WE CAN SETTLE
THIS OURSELVES. TELL ME, HAVE
ANY OF YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS
BEEN MISBEHAVING TOO?

WELL...
SOME OF
THEM

TELL THEIR
NAMES TO SANTA,
AND WE'LL FORGET WHAT
YOU DID JUST THIS
ONCE.

THANKS A LOT! I'LL
KEEP THE TOYS, TO
TEACH YOU A LITTLE
LESSON

YOU WON'T
HURT THEM,
WILL YOU?





... WELCOME TO THE TOY MINES
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA



MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM ZERO ZERO AND MAX ANDERSSON !!!

zero
zero

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AYEARPASSES LIKENOTHINGWITH ZERO ZERO

Welcome, welcome, welcome! With this, the seventh issue of **ZERO ZERO**, we conclude the first year of publication of this fine zine.

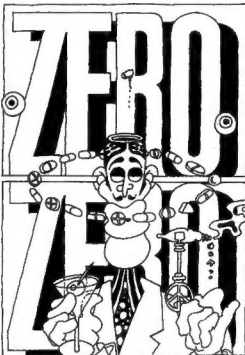
Because of the column-length paean to **Kim Deitch** last issue, a few of our contributors got gypped out of their contributor's notes. Let me rectify this posthaste.

Bob Fingerman, whose maiden effort in **ZERO ZERO** appeared last issue, is a big ol' workhorse in the alternative comics biz. After several publications under the august **EROS** banner, with whose titles we won't sull this august rag (except for **SKINHEADS IN LOVE**), he rose to new heights with **WHITE LIKE SHE**, a mini-series he created for **Dark Horse Comics**. Since then, he has written **ROCK 'N' ROLL HIGH SCHOOL** for **Cosmic Comics** (the third issue of which, although completed, will never appear due to **Cosmic's** shutdown, making it the rarest Fingerman comic ever!!!), and is the writer/artist of "Otis Pedblocker" (a series of eight-page back-ups for **DARK HORSE PRESENTS**), "Monkey Jank" (a series for **PENTHOUSE COMIX**), and his pride 'n' joy, the new slice o' life whiny-autobio master(bat)ion piece **MINIMUM WAGE**, for none other than **Fantagraphics Books**, the second issue of which should be out in time for your Christmas shopping. Wow!

The exuberant Mr. Fingerman also wanted it known that the "Th. Metzger" who was credited with the story for "Hypnogoogo" was not just some simply-faced cartoon wannabe, but an actual gen-you-wine published novelist, whose prose masterpieces **BIG GURL**, **SHOCK TOTEM**, and **DROWNING IN FIRE** can be found at any hipster bookstore near you. Mr. Metzger's next project is a detailed history of the electric chair — obviously a volume that will belong on every **ZERO ZERO** reader's nightstand. We'd mention it by name here, but we'd rather Mr. Metzger's publisher take out a paid ad instead.

Last issue's back cover "Apocalypse" cartoonist, **Rick Altergott**, has graduated to the big time with his new gig as the official back-up story provider for **Peter Bagge's HATE**, beginning with the issue that goes on sale this week. If you've been waiting (for close to a year now) for the follow-up to Mr. Altergott's **DOOFUS**, **HATE** is the place to seek out his work, because **DOOFUS #2**, while definitely under construction, is at least a half a year away from completion.

Did we mention that **Skip Williamson**, last issue's inside front cover artist, has gone into the self-publishing business? I think we did, but for those of you with short memories, you can order a copy of Mr. Williamson's latest, **SMOOT #1**, for \$3.95 postpaid from P.O. Box 440427, Kennesaw, GA 30144. Williamson fans will be pleased to know that the ol' hipster himself is working on an eight-page story-cum-cover for the ninth issue of



ZERO ZERO, a mere four months down the road. Here's a look at his advance sketch for that cover.

As for the league of rascals responsible for the pile of cartoon infamy currently steaming in your hand, a few well chosen words:

Bill Griffith, creator of the daily **ZIPPY THE PINHEAD** comic strip, wishes it to be known that he has no plans to retire his daily strip next year, or any time in the foreseeable future. Incidentally, this particular story, "BestWorld," was begun in 1982, which means that if you, the **ZERO ZERO** reader, are, for instance, 22 years old, you were nine when he laid pen to paper. This is the kind of thing to keep people humble (including Mr. Griffith, who averaged a little less than a page and a half a year up until its completion in November of 1995).

Did we mention **Richard Sala's** new book **THE GASTLY ONES**? It's on sale now from **Manic D Press** — you can order it for \$9.95 from **Manic D**, Box 410804, San Francisco, CA 94141. The instable Mr. Sala also welcomes your mail (he has a catalogue of art for sale and other stuff) at 2625 Alcatraz Avenue, #183, Berkeley, CA 94705. — but don't order **The Gastly Ones** from that address, okay?



David Collier — the only cartoonist to have appeared in, or on, every **ZERO ZERO** so far — has a new work out, his **SEATTLE SKETCHBOOK**. Available or \$4.00 postpaid from **Starhead Comics**, P.O. Box 30044, Seattle WA 98103. Compiled during his recent sojourn in the Emerald City, this collection of Collier doodles is the next best thing to actually dragging your galoshes around the Space Needle — and there's lots of guest appearances by other cartoonists, mercilessly captured by Mr. Collier's acid penstrokes.

Finally, a man who needs no introduction: **Gilbert Hernandez**, whose inside front cover story got this issue off to such a rousing start (far more rousing than all this blather at its conclusion). Mr. Hernandez is even now busily writing and drawing his half of **LOVE & ROCKETS #50**, after which he and brother **Jaime** will, in the tradition of **Gary Larson** and **Bill Watterson**, pull the plug on this beloved cartoon favorite in order to devote themselves to exciting new works — in **Gilbert's** case, no less than two new comics during 1996, plus, if everyone is extra special good, maybe even a fifth issue of **BIRDLAND**.

ZERO ZERO



Next issue: Our special gala-length extravaganza first anniversary issue, featuring the last chapter of Deitch's "Molly O'Dare" saga, new chunks of "The Chuckling Whatsit," "Homunculus," and "Car-Boy" (in color no less), plus **Mack White**, **Dave Collier**, **Ted Stearn**, **Archer Previtt**, **Mike Diana**, a back cover from **Henriette Valium**, and a neotenically creepy cover by **Charles Burns**. Yow!

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PROBLEM: (you missed these)

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1

MARCH/APRIL 1995! Premiere! Bukowski & Moriaity! Frank Stack's "Jesus" returns! Plus Andersson, Collier, Diana, Head, Holzman, Valium, Williams, the first "Fuzz & Pluck" by Stearn, and a wild Gary Panter cover!



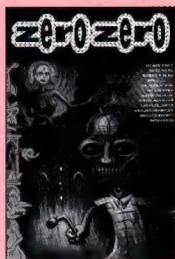
2

MAY/JUNE 1995! Sala's "Chuckling Whatsit" begins, the premiere of "Homunculus" by Mack White, new "Trashman" story by Spain, plus Andersson, Collier, Head, Mats!?, Mazzucchelli, Stack, and Wayno!



3

JULY 1995! Soothing Valium cover! Enervating Sandlin back cover! Plus Andersson, Collier, Head, Newgarden, Sala, Stack, Stearn, Williamson, and Doofoos creator Rick Altergott's insane "Douche Bag Dougan"!



4

AUGUST 1995! Spectacular two-color Al Columbia strip! The premiere of Kaz/Georgarakis's "Meat Box" series! Plus Jeff Johnson, Carol Tyler, Dave Collier, Richard Sala, Ted Stearn, and a back cover by Mark Beyer!



5

SEPTEMBER 1995! Superb Joe Coleman cover painting! Big new Max Andersson story featuring Car-Boyl! Plus White's "Homunculus," Ware, Collier, several Deitch one-pagers, and the conclusion of Kaz/Georgarakis's "Meat Box"!



6

NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 1995! Kim Deitch returns with a new sequel to "Shadowland"! A new "Fuzz and Pluck" chapter by Ted Stearn! Plus Rick Altergott, Dave Collier, Richard Sala, Skip Williamson, and Bob Fingerhant!

SOLUTION: (get 'em now!)

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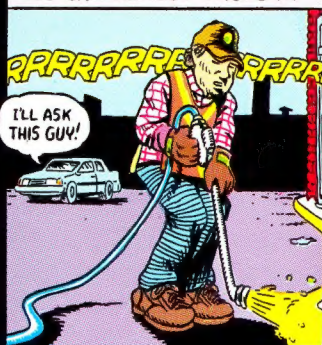
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HA-YOU GOT SOME OF THE GUY'S YELLOW PAINT ON YOUR BOOT!



IT'S ODD... A LARGE NUMBER OF THE CUSTOMERS APPEAR TO BE NATIVE PEOPLE, WHILE ALL THE STAFF APPEAR TO BE WHITE!



AN INTERVIEW WITH THE MANAGER—!

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THERE ARE SEASONAL VARIATIONS, BUT YESSIR, WE CONSISTENTLY PLACE IN THE TOP FIVE!



STATS AND NUMBERS ARE IN THE AIR LIKE FLIES, BUT YOUR ATTENTION IS RIVETED BY THE MANAGER'S EYES... HIS CONTACT LENSES ARE TINTED AN INTENSE EMERALD GREEN!

HEH-HEH... YES, IT'S SOMETHING WE'RE A LITTLE PROUD OF SIR, THAT AND THE FACT THAT THE RESTAURANT IS KEPT CLEAN!



